A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure ydotarie.
God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom shall I send this(companie?) Stay.
Berow. All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore ey.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wysh,
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dysh.
Duma. O most deuine *Kate*.
Berow. O most prophane coxcombe.
Duma. By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.
Ber. By earth she is not, corporall, there you ly.
Duma. Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.
Ber. An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.
Duma. As vpright as the Ceder.
Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with child.
Duma. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine.
Duma. O that I had my wish?
Long. And I had mine.
King. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Duma. I would forget her, but a Feuer shee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweete misprison.
Dum. Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.
Dumaine reades his Sonnet.
On a day, alacke the day:
Loue, whose Month is euer May:
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Veluet, leaues the wind,
All vnseene, can passage finde:
That the Louer sicke to death,

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre would I might triumph so.
But alacke my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
Do not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee:
Thou for whom *Ioue* would sweare,
Iuno but an *Æthiop* were,
And denie himselfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for thy loue.
This will I send, and something els more plaine,
That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note:
For none offende, where all alike do dote.
Long. *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in loues griefe desirst societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-hard and taken napping so.
King. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hart.
I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Ay mee sayes one! O *Ioue* the other cryes!
One her haires were Golde, Christal the others eyes.
You would for Parradise breake Fayth and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oth.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare